

### Watch the Skies To-night.

JUPITER and the waning moon are in conjunction to-night, a very beautiful sight, although they are over three degrees apart. They will be above the eastern horizon by 11 p. m., the moon appearing in an oblong form, as it is approaching last quarter. By to-morrow night they will be widely separated.

## The Fatal Ring

A SERIAL OF ROMANCE AND MYSTERY.

Carslake Holds Pearl Prisoner and Delivers a Terrible Ultimatum to Tom Carleton.

Who's Who in the Thrilling New Film  
Pearl Standish ..... PEARL WHITE  
Richard Carslake ..... Warner Oland  
The High Priestess ..... Ruby Hoffman  
Nicholas Knox ..... Earle Foxe  
Tom Carleton ..... Henry Geell

Continued from the photo-play "The Fatal Ring."

By Fred Jackson.

Episode 9.

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"I turned a bit white as he spoke," he was wondering if Carslake suspected the treachery of the day before. But Carslake's next speech relieved him. "I know you wouldn't, you idiot!" he answered impatiently, "but she doesn't. To her you're just a bad lot—a crook without honor or loyalty—and she'll take your word for it that you've quit me and got away with the diamond."

"Well, I guess we can try it," muttered Dopey Ed obligingly. "Ask her a thousand for the stone and tell her she's got to come here to get it. Give her fifteen minutes to get here!"

Dopey Ed nodded and picked up the phone. And the connection was made not five minutes after Tom Carleton's departure from the house.

In fact, Pearl was still sitting gazing at the door through which he had just passed, when the bell rang and she went to answer it.

She Answers the Call.

"Hello!" called Dopey Ed in a low, mysterious voice. "Is this you, Miss Standish?"

"Yes," replied Pearl. "Who is this?"

"This is the fellow that was with Carslake last night. Dopey Ed's me moniker. I'm the fellow you scrapped with and what there's the table at you!"

"I remember you," said Pearl grimly. "What do you want of me, now?"

"Well, it's like this, see," said Dopey Ed. "I've got the diamond. I've broken with Carslake and you can have the sparkler for a thousand and cold, get me?"

"You've double-crossed Carslake and you'll sell the diamond for a thousand in cash?" gasped Pearl, her eyes lighting.

"Yes," breathed Dopey Ed, "that's it."

"Very well, I'll buy it at that figure," said Pearl. "You can bring it right around here to my house. I'll have the money waiting for you."

"Oh, no thanks. I couldn't do that," murmured Dopey Ed. "And take a chance of being nabbed by Carslake or the police. I guess not. If you want it, you'll come here or send some one with the money. I'm safe here until dark and then I can make my getaway if I have the cash."

She Sets Out Alone.

"I see," said Pearl thoughtfully. "Where are you?"

"West Forty-fifth street," said Dopey Ed. "And gave her the number. 'You won't have any trouble finding it, because it's over a bakery and opposite a warehouse. You'd better come right over.'"

"I will," promised Pearl. "Wait there for me."

She hung up the receiver excitedly and rushed for her hat. She knew that Tom had not reached the office yet and so it was useless to try to reach him; but she felt that she was quite safe in going alone on this errand. Dopey Ed had told a convincing story.

She set out in high spirits for the address he gave her.

A not very prepossessing gentleman opened the door for Pearl when she rang, and she asked for Dopey Ed. It was evident at once that she was expected, or else that women were glad of the calling at this strange house, for the not very prepossessing gentleman directed her to the room on the left, and at that door she knocked.

"Come in," called Dopey Ed's voice.

Pearl entered.

"I came as quickly as I could," she said. "Have you still got the diamond?"

"Yes," said Dopey Ed, smoothly. "The diamond's here, safe enough. Did you bring the money?"

"Yes," said Pearl, opening her handbag.

Dopey Ed smiled. Something in his smile disturbed Pearl. She hesitated, glanced toward the door through which she had just come, as though making sure that the way to departure was clear.

Bill Rack stood in the doorway, a sinister figure, staring at her with glittering eyes. She caught her breath and glanced toward the second door in the room. Carslake stood in that door, smiling. And behind him were money and Black Tom.

Once More She Is Trapped.

She realized that she was trapped again.

"Let me help you, Miss Standish," said Carslake politely, advancing and taking her handbag from her. He looked through it hastily, but found no trace of the setting.

"Ah, the money is here alright, but I fall to the ring," he observed, "and it was really the ring we wanted, you know. May I ask where it is?"

"Where you'll not get it," answered Dopey Ed.

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### Do You Like a Thrilling Story? Read "The Fatal Ring"



# Magazine Page



## Here Are Smart Hats and Furs

Republished by Special Arrangement with Good Housekeeping, the Nation's Greatest Home Magazine.



LAST season we gave hats an inch, and this season they have taken an ell. They will be just as big as they can. And in this tan velvet hat, blue crowned, and with a heavy gros-grain ribbon bow, their policy of impractical expansion is evident. The lovely cape is mole collared with fox.

A SMART exception to prove the rule of natural furs is the flat stole above of taupe squirrel, topped with gray crepe de chine. Rose velvet, blue ribbon and rose crepe de chine form this hat, which is charmingly unusual in design, as well as in combination of materials.

"FURS are often capes, and capes are often mink," says this newest and smartest of models, which droops low over the shoulder under a swathing collar and fringes out in tails. The fashionably large hat is of velvet and satin.

THE smart un-fur-trimmed-tailored suits had best provide a separate fur piece, perhaps like this one of sable. Hat trimmings are few, and often original, as in the red feather on this brown velvet hat, covered with crepe de chine and anchored by a coral button.

## Have You Imagination?

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

DOES your imagination bring you joy or pain? You are free to invent for yourself agree and goblins—or good fairies. Which do you choose to summon? None of the things we dread is as bad as our perverted imaginations make them. None of our pet horrors ever tortures us as we thought they would. We use ourselves up and wear ourselves out, fearing some situation which lurks behind the black curtain of the future. Then we go draw the curtain, and behold! there is light on the other side and our Terror is a beneficent and kindly ghost!

Have you dreaded losing your job? Well, you lost it and walked the streets disconsolately looking for work for several weeks. At the end of that time, you got a far better position than the one you had so feared losing.

If you have gone through the experience of learning to ride, you know that if you was at first afraid of your mount the horse seemed almost psychologically aware of it and was the harder to handle. With courage, it was fairly easy to keep your seat. The instructor told you that you were getting "a good wrist" and a splendid "knee grip."

But you knew that it was more than that—you had mastered your mount, and he knew it and acknowledged it by responding to your will.

Your own fears are exactly like that. Directly you cease dreading them, they take orders from you! When terror is permitted to master you it rides you mercilessly. But directly you conquer it the command becomes yours.

Approach your fear, look at it from all sides, force yourself to

examine it calmly—it isn't real, is it? What you have been afraid of is nothing actual, nothing tangible, but just a fragment of your own imagination. And shall this conquer you?

But why bother with it at all? Why not invent for yourself radiant and happy imaginings? You can, you know.

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Never was anything more deeply beautiful and true than those lines. We come in the end to be a little like our dreams. Beautiful aspirations and exquisite hopes leave their mark on every one just as surely as do.

Why should anyone invent terror and horror for himself when he is perfectly free to invent beautiful things?

Not very many of us could think of the exquisite fancies which Barrie makes real for us in his marvelous fairy-tale plays. But all of us are perfectly capable of making a start in the direction of thinking beautiful thoughts.

We have a way of training ourselves via suspicion and gossip and ugly innuendo to imagine evil of our neighbors if they make the tiniest move in the direction which is not absolutely conventional and not easily explicable. Fear, scandal, scorn and hate are all poisonous emotions which react on the individual who sets them free. Long ago I heard a story of a gentle old lady who spoke kindly of every one. One of her friends said to her, "My dear, I believe you would think of something good to say of Satan himself."

Half deprecatingly and far too quickly to be the result of a desire to be clever or to pose, the old lady

replied: "Well, he's really awfully energetic, you know."

An attitude like that is not a gift of the fairies or some magic result of good fortune; it comes from keeping your attitude toward things clean and sweet and wholesome.

It is due to training your heart in kindness and to using your imagination to cultivate and house pleasant thoughts.

It is perfectly possible to make up a dream world for yourself in which everything shall be pleasant and joyous. Vision is the quality which makes men achieve great things. Without vision America would never have been discovered. The telegraph and the telephone and the steam engine are all dreams come true.

If you have not the magnificent gift of imagination which will fire you to invent a cotton gin or spur you to travel in search of the mouth of an Amazon River, at least you have imagination enough to look out at the black clouds of a storm-tossed day and to feel back of them the blue of a kindly sky and the golden sunlight.

You know that the tiniest bud holds the possibility of an apple blossom and that apple blossoms promise luscious fruit. It is easy enough to imagine what you have seen. The trick lies in imagining the unknown. And whether you imagine it grim and dour and threatening or beautiful and gentle and kind, is for you yourself to decide.

Your imagination lies absolutely under your control unless you willfully choose to let it run away with you. Even when you are dreaming golden dreams you must remember that you need force and action to make them come true.

## THE MANICURE LADY

By William F. Kirk.

THE old gent was sixty-eight years old yesterday," said the Manicure Lady. "Gee, George, I am glad my father has such good health. He's one grand old dad."

"I hope he lives to be a hundred and never gets sick," said the Head Barber, generously. "That's all the tough going I wish him, kid."

"I think he would live to be a hundred if he don't worry too much about brother Wilfred," said the Manicure Lady. "Wilfred ain't got no job yet, and he is getting kind of melancholy. He wrote a poem about father being sixty-eight, and read it to the old gent, and it made such a hit with father that he gave Wilfred a five case note before he had time to think."

"The old gent ought to have been tickled with that," said the Head Barber. "My poor old dad died when he was fifty. He got in front of a moving train that kept moving."

"Oh, I wish that hadn't happened, George," said the Manicure Lady. "But I am sure he is happier now. He's always been a happy man, as long as he lived. I know that. He had the same kind of a disposition you've got, kid. Nothing fussed him."

"Us folks with sweet natures is kind of lucky when you stop to think of it," said the Manicure Lady. "Now, my sister Myrtle ain't no blessed that way. Every time there's a nice cold breeze blowing she says it is going to blow up a rainstorm. That's Myrtle."

"It's too bad to be born that way," said the Head Barber. "Not meaning no disrespect to your sister, if she ever gets married it will be a rough, muddy track her husband has got to travel. I wouldn't want to be him."

"You wouldn't get no chance to be him, even if you was single," said the Manicure Lady. "Sister Myrtle has some face and figure, believe me, George. And if she don't marry some distinguished, rich gent, I miss my guess. She would be some queen in society, too, George. Fine manners comes as natural to her as rough stuff comes to her dear old father. You just oughta see her table manners and the way she can talk about them old authors. I thought I had read a lot, but she's got me beat forty ways. She can say almost anything Mr. Shakespeare wrote by heart."

"That won't get her nothing, saying what he wrote," said the Head Barber. "A lot of people can say what he wrote, but they couldn't write it."

"You couldn't write it either," said the Manicure Lady. "What are you trying to get at—that Myrtle is dumb? I hope you don't get no notion like that in your little head, George."

"I didn't say that," said the Head Barber. "She couldn't be dumb, and be your sister. Anybody in this shop would know you wasn't dumb if they waited a minute any time of the day, if you could work as good as you could talk you'd get a raise every week."

"Yes," admitted the Manicure Lady. "I always prided myself on my powers of expression. If Wilfred could write like I talk he'd get independent. I wish I was independent."

"If you was any more independent, kid," said the head barber, "it'd be working for you."

### Skirts Are Narrower This Season.

LAST season, while most skirts were full, there were a few ultra fashionable models extremely straight. All skirts are slimmer and narrower, and even the drapery makes them look the slimmer. The square neck is newest in indoor dresses, and for suits and coats the collars are always high.—From Good Housekeeping.

## HICTANER 'The Man Fish'

By Jean de la Hire

A Strange Story of Mystery and Fanaticism

(Copyrighted.)

A Hictaner, left the laboratory Oxus said to Fulbert:

"Brother, I will keep watch and will call you as soon as Antil comes in. Go to see Moleste and Martha. Then go to bed for we shall have hard work tomorrow preparing for the days to come."

The two men clasped hands and Fulbert left the laboratory.

The Buddhist priest went first to Oxus' room. He crossed it without pausing, and pressing a button hidden in a carving on the wall, he caused a section of the book shelves to open. A door appeared, which opened also, and Fulbert passed in. Everything was closed behind him, as he had found it.

Fulbert found himself in a little salon lighted by electricity. Moleste was sunk, half reclining, in a deep easy chair.

When Fulbert entered she did not stir. Her cheeks were pale and emaciated, her eyes red with tears, her whole bearing an expression of despair.

"Fulbert!" she said at last. "Don't call me that," murmured Moleste more in distress than hatred, more in disgust than anger.

"I am not your daughter any more," she said. "Hictaner is your son. We are both your victims. Why didn't you kill me at a single blow? Then the horrible mystery which is my torture would have been ended. Where is Hictaner? When shall I see him? Why do you keep me as much a prisoner as Severac did? You don't answer!"

The heathen priest did not ever answer, in fact.

The scene had been repeated at each of Fulbert's visits. To Moleste's questions, at first uneasy, then agonizing, he had never replied.

Baffled By A Girl.

What would he have said? It was abhorrent to him to think of lying to this tender child. He did not desire to evade or excuse himself. So he was silent.

He would have liked Moleste to talk, and thus reveal to him her suspicions, and certainties of the terrible drama enacted, and of which she was the most interesting victim.

But the instinct of the feeble in distress, Moleste only talked in questions, and her uncle was enraged at being unable to find out how much Moleste knew of his dark schemes.

"Where is my father," Moleste went on. "Why does he never come to see me?"

Fearing lest he be overcome by his very genuine paternal tenderness, Oxus had never dared venture into Moleste's prison.

"Where is Madame Martha?" she asked again. "If you even had the heart of a tiger you would let her live here with me. We could then at least work together."

Moleste was overcome with weeping and hid her face in her hands.

"You are like all other women," said Fulbert, disgusted. "Not a grain of reason in your head, nor any real strength in mind or body. I said to you: 'Wait and you will be happy.' What need have you of knowing more? You are not to know. I am master and—"

"Brute!" cried a loud, ringing voice. "You are a brute!"

Fulbert turned his head in the direction of the voice and there saw Vera, standing between the parted draperies, burning him with her great black eyes, gleaming with indignation. He shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"Yes, demon, smile! Smile at two powerless women. You torture this poor child when it would be so easy for you to console it. Why do you fear her? She has told me where we are."

"The Lost Isle! Is it not everywhere a prison?"

Fulbert why cloister this child? What are your intentions? Why do you come to gloat over her pain each day? Oh, if there were something I might use as a weapon, I would kill you!"

The courageous girl looked about her, well as she knew that no one had left any object in the apartment which could serve as a weapon, no matter how imperfect.

Fulbert shrugged his shoulders still higher and answered slowly:

"I come because I wish to see. The future is to give Moleste her happiness."

"You are concentrating at the east of the Persian Gulf."

"You do not know," asked Oxus, "as which vessel Severac has taken."

"Nothing has given me the slightest clue," replied Antil, "but the decision with which the great cruiser went to the front makes me think that Severac was and will still be, if he is alive, aboard a small, rapid ship. There he risks less and can come and go among the other vessels with more facility, and with less chance of arousing suspicion."

"You are right," said Fulbert. "We are well pleased with what you have done. Take some food and rest. To-morrow night you will set out again to find the vessel."

"Following my instructions, I stayed in the neighborhood of the battle, with the launch floating on the surface. I counted 500 reports. With my own eyes I saw more than 100 vessels blow up and sink. I have calculated that the world fleet has been diminished about a third."

"Good," said the imperious Fulbert. "Where are the unharmed vessels now?"

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But as for you, Vera, do not expect too much of it. Until tomorrow!"

Fulbert pressed the button which opened the door. Diabolical puzzle that he was, he disappeared from the gaze of the two young girls without, once more, having torn aside the veil of mystery behind which he kept them hidden.

Returning to Oxus' room, he pressed a spring which prevented Moleste's room from being opened from within. Passing to his own apartment, he entered that of Mme. Martha.

In this case, however, he had to reckon with a woman already in the sloughs of Despond—a woman who knew him better than any one else in the world could know him.

The first room—the little salon—was empty. At the end of the second, the bedroom, he saw two women lying upon their beds in the dim light of the shaded electric light. One was Haucica, lying asleep, fully dressed, the other was Martha, covered to her chin by the white coverlets.

The priest sat down, and, with his eyes closed, he let himself lapse into a profound reverie.

Was he reviewing the past or was he flying to those brilliant realms of the future which he had been picturing for twenty years? Whatever it was, no emotion was shown in his severe face. His great, open eyes were empty of all other expression than their coldness and their accustomed hardness.

A full hour passed thus. Martha and Haucica slept, or seemed to sleep, very peacefully. At length Fulbert rose and went out backward.

The door closed softly. In the vague light of the shaded lamp the two women seemed still asleep.

A long half hour passed without the slightest movement from either.

Suddenly, Martha opened her eyes, rose noiselessly and walked on tiptoe to the little table, which she unlocked. Pressing her ear against the wall under the clock, whose monotonous tick-tack was the only sound which disturbed the silence, she listened for several minutes.

Then she went back to her room. Touching her servant on the shoulder, she said:

"Haucica is asleep. Let us listen, for we must soon act—perhaps tomorrow."

The next morning, April 28, Fulbert was awakened by Oxus at 5 o'clock. "Come," said the servant, "Antil is back again."

The priest rose, rapidly made his toilet and, dressing as of old in his robe of sombre stuff, he followed Oxus.

"Seated in a respectful attitude, Antil awaited his masters."

Being questioned by Fulbert, he gave an account of his mission.

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